



CHIMES

1947

Ed La Farge



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chimes

“When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past.”

—*Shakespeare*



board of trustees

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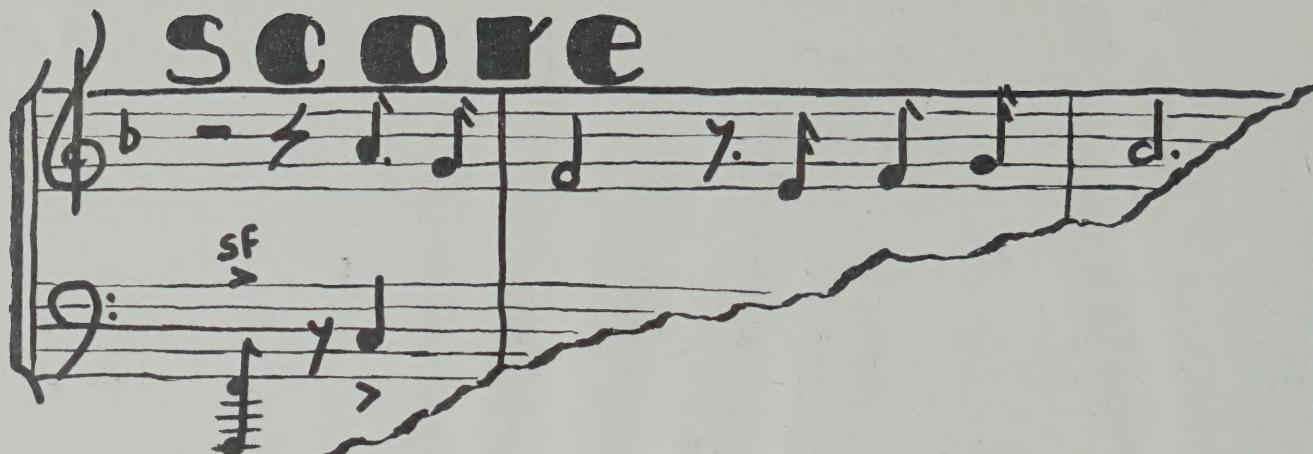
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**cambridge
junior college**

1947

SCORE



PRELUDE

ARRANGERS
PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE
DEDICATION
DOWNBEAT
CONDUCTORS

INTERLUDE

ENSEMBLE
Brass Section
Spotlights
The Will Of The Class
Artistry In Prospect
Artistry In Retrospect

String Section
Spotlights

FINALE

HAIL C. J. C.
VARIATIONS ON A THEME
DÉBUTS
SITTING IN



prelude



arrangers

Editor-in-Chief

MARY JANE CHRISULIS

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THELMA ZEITLER

HARRY CLENCH

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THERESA HENNESSY

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JUDY BAKER

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Photography Department

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PHYLLIS KOREJWA



PRESIDENT
IRVING T. RICHARDS

This is the year in which we have been made particularly aware of the end of the war. No longer have we had to fear announcements of the untimely death of former students. Instead, those who went to war too soon to get an education have come to college with those too young to have gone to war. The mixture has been good. We have all learned a great deal from it, and feel certain that in this, as in other unions, there is strength: that this year of mingled youth and maturity, the carefree and the experienced, has been a profitable one to all of us.

dedication



DR. IRENE STECKEL GEIRINGER

WHEN WE PAUSE IN RETROSPECT, EMINENT IN
OUR PASSING DREAM WILL BE THE MEMORY
OF MRS. GEIRINGER. BY HER SINCERITY AND
UNDERSTANDING SHE HAS ENRICHED OUR
DAYS. IN DEEP APPRECIATION OF THIS, WE
GRATEFULLY DEDICATE TO HER THIS BOOK.



downbeat



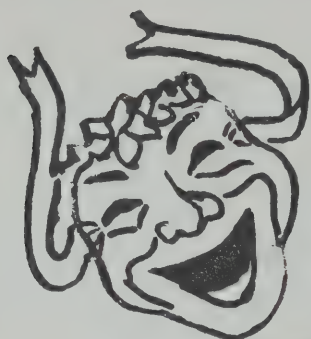
STUDENT COUNCIL

Standing, left to right: HAROLD ARNOLDY, THEODORE RAND, KARL SELEEN.

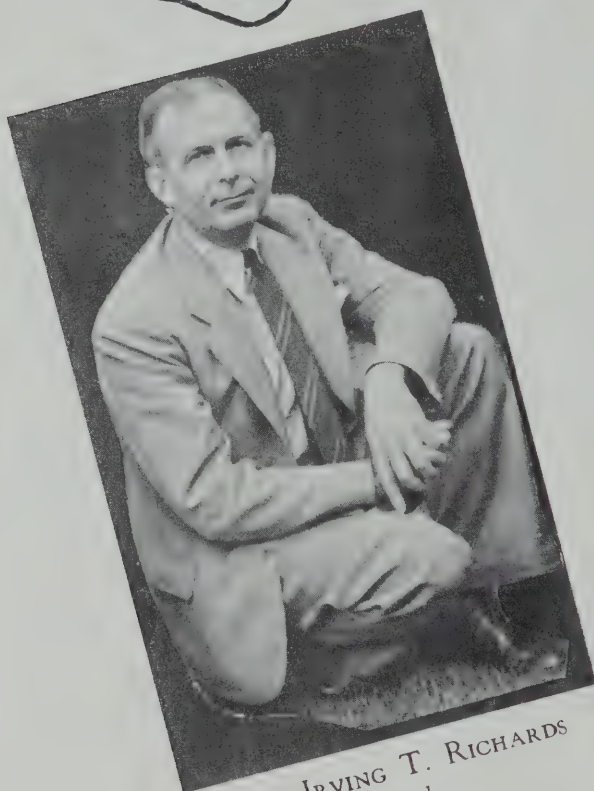
Seated: THERESA HENNESSY, IRENE FREEDMAN, BARBARA HEAVEY.
(Richard Kennedy not present when picture was taken.)

Now that we of the Class of '47 have completed our studies at C. J. C., we look back with pleasure at the fond memories of our fellow students and activities contained in this book. Although physically we part from the college, for years to come we will remember and cherish the knowledge and friendships that we gained here and will maintain. We know that if the future is as successful to us all as these past two years have been, our lives will be in all ways profitable and enjoyable.

KARL SELEEN
President, Sophomore Class.



conductors



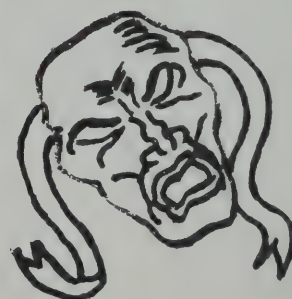
DR. IRVING T. RICHARDS
English



MR. ARNOLD M. KENSETH
Dean
Philosophy
English Conference

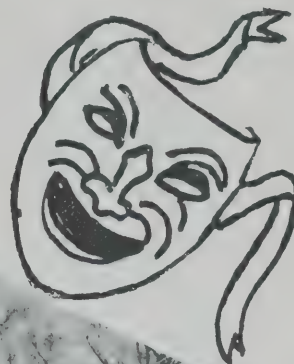


MRS. EDWARD J. O'CLAIR
Assistant Treasurer
Librarian

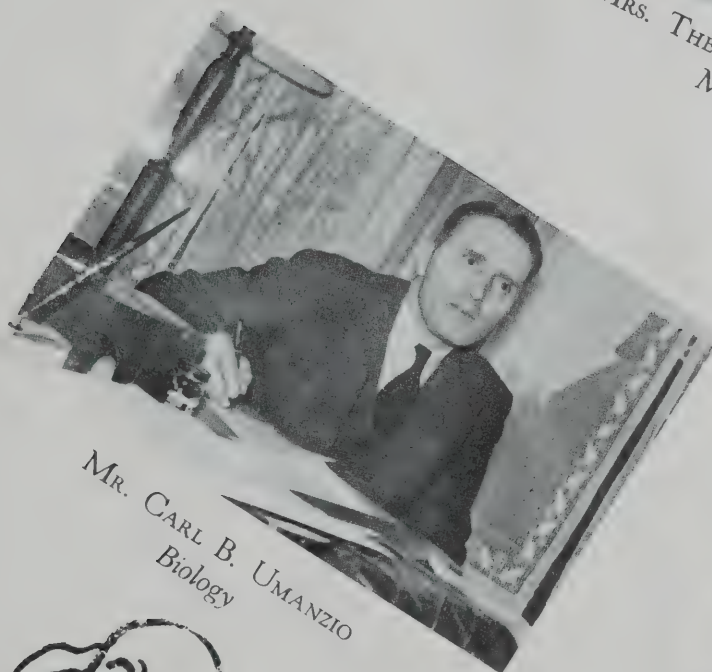




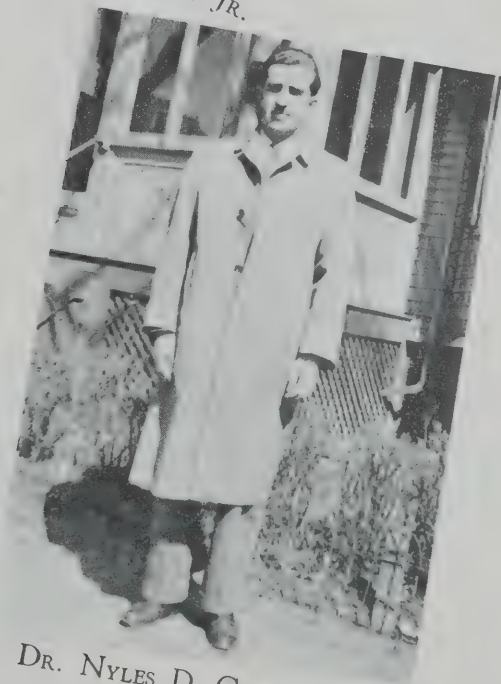
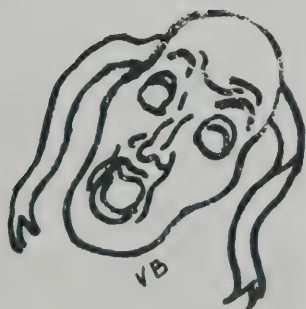
DR. IRENE S. GEIRINGER
German



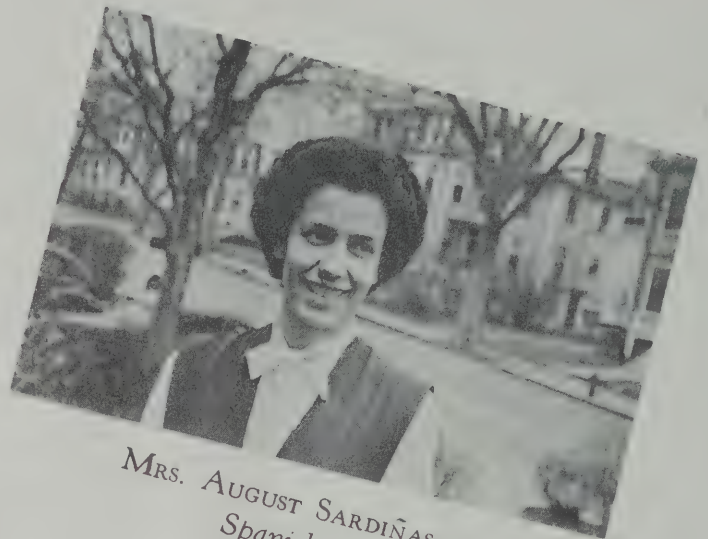
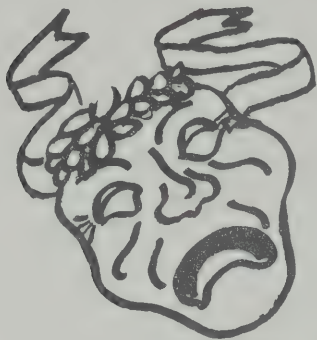
MRS. THEODORE L. AGNEW, JR.
Mathematics



MR. CARL B. UMANZIO
Biology



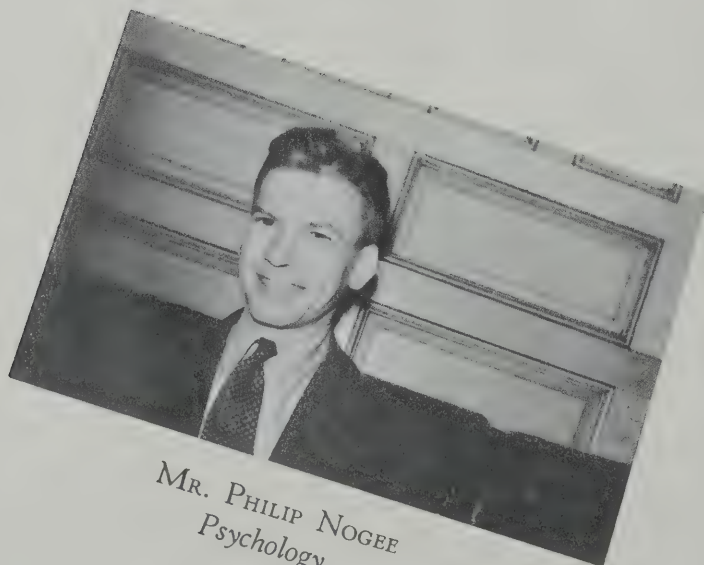
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Hygiene



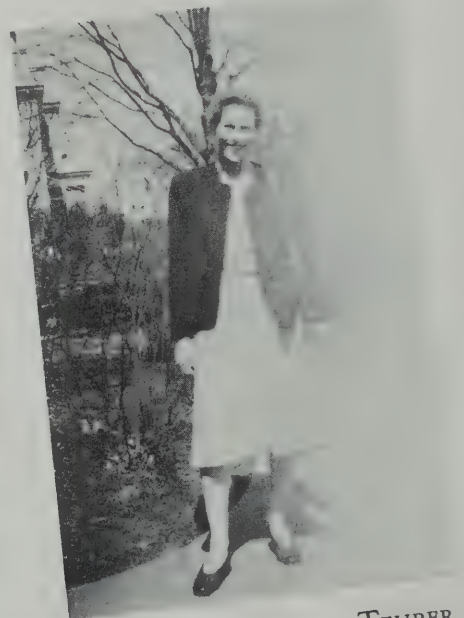
Mrs. AUGUST SARDIÑAS
Spanish



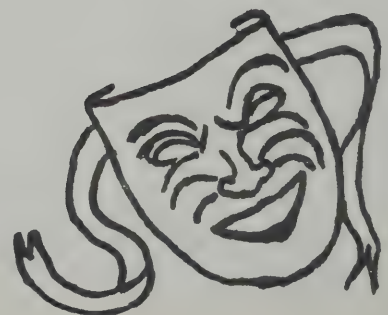
Mr. AUGUST SARDIÑAS
Mathematics



Mr. PHILIP NOGEE
Psychology

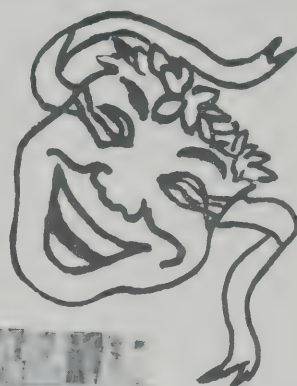


Mrs. HANS-LUKAS TEUBER
Art





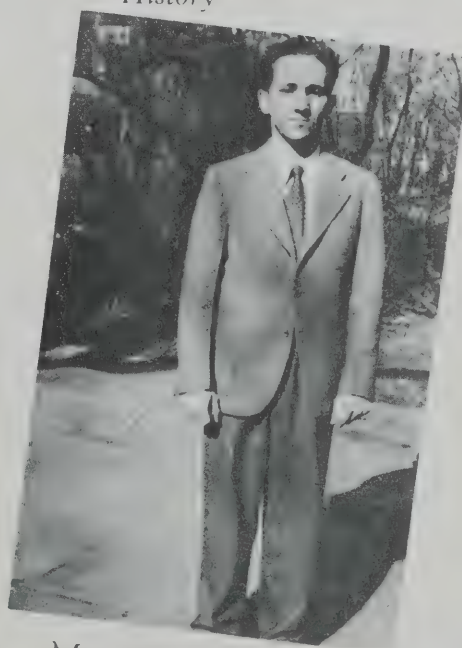
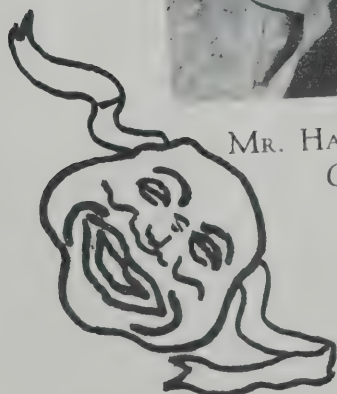
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Physics



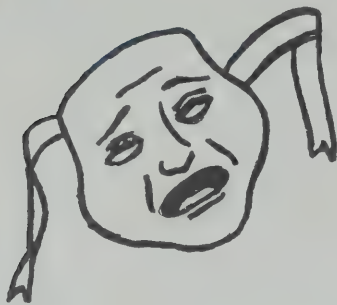
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MR. HARRY WASSERMAN
Chemistry



MR. KENNETH MORRIS
Chemistry



MR. CECIL RHODES, JR.
Government



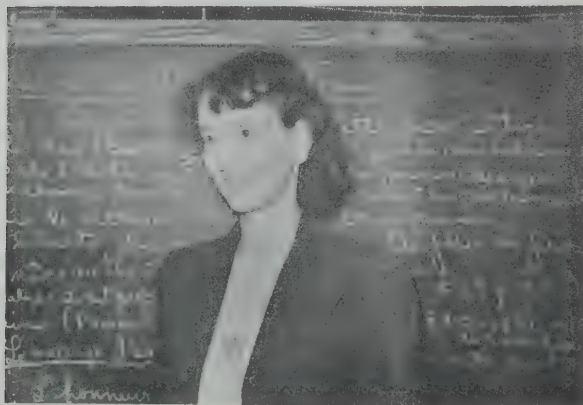
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Sociology



MR. HERBERT E. BOWMAN
English Conference

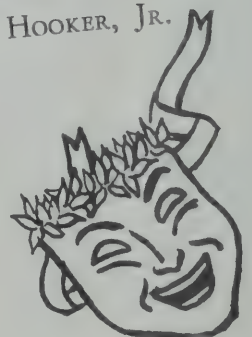


MR. ALEXANDER C. HOOKER, JR.
French



DR. ELIZABETH MAXFIELD MILLER
French

Elizabeth Maxfield Miller





interlude





brass section



KARL SELEEN
President



JUDITH BAKER
Vice-President



MARY JANE CHRISULIS
Secretary



LOIS BERNSON
Treasurer

JUDITH BAKER

Swampscott, Massachusetts

" . . . Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag,
and Smile, Smile, Smile. . . ."

Vice President 2

Student Council 1

Yearbook Staff 2

Dean's List 1



LOIS BERNSON

Brookline, Massachusetts

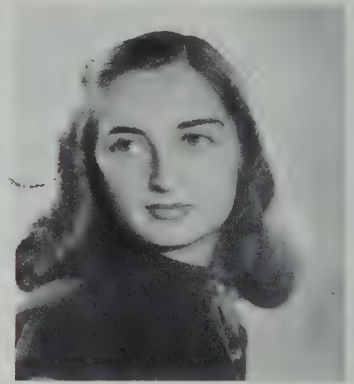
" . . . Those cool and limpid green eyes. . . ."

Treasurer 2

Yearbook Staff 2

Newspaper Staff 2

Dean's List 1, 2



LOUISE BIGELOW

Cambridge, Massachusetts

" . . . And her voice is like the voice of angels,
soft and mellow. . . ."



BETTY BUCK

Medford, Massachusetts

" . . . I've got a pocketful of dreams. . . ."

Could I have more of this for me? mean!!
65.00
Mary Jane

MARY JANE CHRISULIS
 New Britain, Connecticut

"... Sleepy time gal, you're turning night into day. . . ."

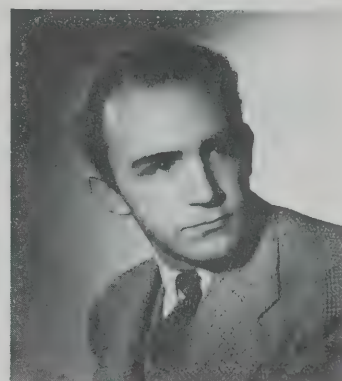
Secretary 2
 Yearbook Editor-in-Chief 2
 Newspaper Staff 2
 Dean's List 1, 2



HARRY CLENCH
 Cambridge, Massachusetts

"... The Last Time I Saw Paris. . . ."

Yearbook Assistant Editor 2
 Dean's List 2



PEGGY CORASANIS
 Hyde Park, Massachusetts

"... Nobody quite so true. . . ."

Yearbook Staff 2
 Dean's List 1



PAULINE FAUCI
 Belmont, Massachusetts

"... Red Sails In The Sunset. . . ."



JOSEPHINE FILETTI
North Andover, Massachusetts
“. . . Sweet and Lovely. . . .”



IRENE FREEDMAN
Gardner, Massachusetts
“. . . I know a little bit about a lot of things. . . .”

Student Council 2
Yearbook Staff 2
Dean's List 1, 2



RUTH FRUMKIN
Brookline, Massachusetts
“. . . I'm Always Chasing Rainbows. . . .”
Dean's List 1, 2



CLAIRE GAUM
Boston, Massachusetts
“. . . You Are My Sunshine. . . .”
Newspaper Staff 2
Dean's List 2



THELMA GERSON
Brookline, Massachusetts

"... The Things We Did Last Summer. ..."

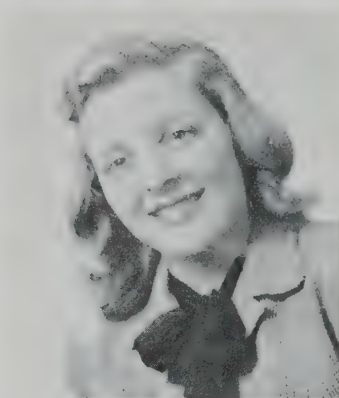
Dean's List 1



ROSALYN GLAZER
Dorchester, Massachusetts

"... A Pal So Good and True. ..."

Yearbook Staff 1, 2
Dean's List 1, 2



PAUL HARRIMAN
Boston, Massachusetts

"... I got rhythm, I got music. ..."

Dean's List 2



BARBARA LEADBETTER HEAVEY
Hyde Park, Massachusetts

"... I'm sittin' where you left me, just a-sittin'
and a rockin' ..."

Student Council 2
Newspaper Staff 2
Dean's List 1, 2

If I didn't love you so much I would have moved long before now. real deal. Barbara.

THERESA HENNESSY
Saugus, Massachusetts

"She's got the cutest personality."

President 1
Student Council 2
Yearbook Staff 2
Dean's List 1, 2



CONCHITA JOHNSON
Boston, Massachusetts

"... Pretty Little Busybody. ..."



FRANCES KAGAN
Cambridge, Massachusetts

"... Cocktails For Two. ..."

Dean's List 1, 2



RUTH LEAVITT
Brookline, Massachusetts

"... Oh, how we danced. ..."

Treasurer 1



*To our incomparable Ed...
always with a job in a
box. I'm going to miss
you.
Love*

*To Ed...
always with a
ready smile!
Good Luck!
Conchita*

FRANK LEVINE

Brookline, Massachusetts

"... On the sidewalks of New York. . . ."

Newspaper Editor-in-Chief 2

Dean's List 1

Baseball 2



JEAN McHUGH

Cambridge, Massachusetts

"... After all aren't we all idle schemers. . . ."

Yearbook Art Editor 2

Dean's List 1



DOROTHEA PAGLIUSO

Chelsea, Massachusetts

"... It's a good day from morning 'til night. . . ."



ANNETTE PETERSON

Watertown, Massachusetts

"... Where the blue of her eyes meets the
gold of her hair. . . ."

THEODORE RAND
Newton, Massachusetts

"... Walking in a winter wonderland. . . ."

Student Council 2



KENNETH ROSENBERG
Brookline, Massachusetts

"... Peg O' My Heart. . . ."

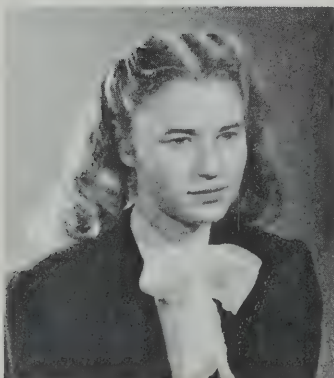
President 1942
Newspaper Staff 2
Dramatic Society 1942



MARGUERITE ROTHWELL
Hyde Park, Massachusetts

"... You've got the kind of eyes that seem to talk. . . ."

Yearbook Staff 1
Yearbook Photography Editor 2



*Continue le temps
avec nous pendant
à la café tout!
L'été pour toi
Sally*

SARAH ROUNDS
Cambridge, Massachusetts

"... A Pretty Girl Is Like A Melody. . . ."

*Drink, drink,
drunken skunk!
A 'double shot' for a good
ole 'sot'!*

Karl

KARL SELEEN

Watertown, Massachusetts

... With their glasses raised on high. . . ."

President 2

Student Council President 2



MARION WINDEDAL SHOBAKEN

Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts

"... And baby makes three. . . ."

Dean's List 1, 2



ANN SIMONS

North Quincy, Massachusetts

"... Here's hoping we'll meet now and then —
It's been great fun. . . ."

Secretary 1

Yearbook Staff 2

Newspaper Staff 2

Dean's List 1, 2



EDITH SMALL

Somerville, Massachusetts

"... Ain't She Sweet? . . ."

Yearbook Staff 1, 2

Dean's List 1, 2

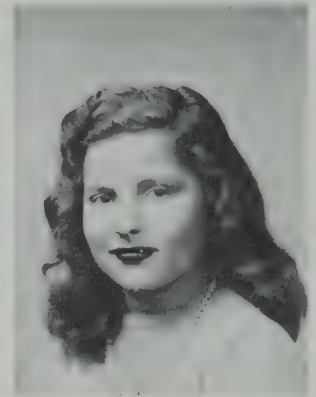


*You had Roy's
his unit + advised
his book
write
Jean*

JEAN SPINAZOLA
Natick, Massachusetts

" . . . I found my love in Avalon. . . ."

Dean's List 1



GILBERT VAN BUSKIRK
Melrose, Massachusetts

" . . . Give me some men who are stout-hearted men. . . ."

Yearbook Staff 2
Newspaper Staff 2



WILLARD VAN BUSKIRK
Melrose, Massachusetts

" . . . Fair or stormy weather,
We won't give up, we won't give up the ship. . . ."

Yearbook Staff 2
Newspaper Staff 2



MITZI WIEDER
Roxbury, Massachusetts

" . . . Forgetting you will not be so easy. . . ."

Yearbook Business Editor 2
Dean's List 1, 2



THELMA ZEITLER
Dorchester, Massachusetts

" . . . When you smile it's so delightful
When you talk it's so insane. . . ."

Yearbook Assistant Editor 2
Dean's List 1, 2
Yearbook Staff 1



GEORGE BARKIN
Dorchester, Massachusetts

" . . . Drifting along with the tumbling tumbleweeds. . . ."

Dean's List 2





POPULARITY

JUDY BAKER

KARL SELEEN

"You all did like them, not without cause."

VERSATILITY

THELMA ZEITLER

HARRY CLENCH

"The heart to conceive, the understanding to direct, or the hand to execute."

CUTENESS

CONCHITA JOHNSON

"Good things come in small packages."

HANDSOMENESS

TED RAND

"A son of the gods, divinely tall, and most divinely fair."

PERSONALITY

JUDY BAKER

KARL SELEEN

"Nothing endures but personal qualities."

BEAUTY

RUTH LEAVITT

"No gems, no gold she needs to wear;
She shines intrinsically fair."

ABSENT-MINDEDNESS

RUTH FRUMKIN

HARRY CLENCH

"The sweets of forgetfulness."

BRAVADO

FRANCES KAGAN

KEN ROSENBERG

"Hear me, for I will speak."

POLITENESS

SALLY ROUNDS

TED RAND

"True politeness consists in being easy one's self and in making everyone about one as easy as one can."

SHYNESS

LOUISE BIGELOW

GILBERT and WILLARD VAN BUSKIRK

"Bashfulness is an ornament to youth."

AMBITIOUS

FRANCES KAGAN

PAUL HARRIMAN

"As I have purposed, so I shall fulfill."

WOLF

KARL SELEEN

"A great lover of the ladies."

FLIRT

PEGGY ROTHWELL

"She has two eyes so soft and blue,
Take care!"

KIBITZER

ANN SIMONS

KEN ROSENBERG

"Then he will talk — Good God, how he will talk!"

STUDIOUSNESS

ROSLYN GLAZER

PAUL HARRIMAN

"Hath thy toil or books consumed the midnight oil?"

MAN · ABOUT · TOWN

PAUL HARRIMAN

"I am a citizen of the world."

STYLE

RUTH LEAVITT

FRANK LEVINE

"The glass of fashion, and the mold of form."

SINCERITY

DOTTY PAGLIUSO

KEN ROSENBERG

"The true essence of sincerity."

ATHLETIC

POLLY FAUCI

TED RAND

"Let the record speak for itself."

WIT

THELMA ZEITLER

HARRY CLENCH

"A dry jest, sir. . . . I have them at my fingers' ends."

VITALITY

ANN SIMONS

KARL SELEEN

"Eager of action, enemy to rest."

ORIGINALITY

ANN SIMONS

FRANK LEVINE

"The will to do, the soul to dare."

DONE MOST FOR C. J. C.

MARY JANE CHRISULIS

KARL SELEEN

"Much may be made of managers if they be caught young."

the Will of the class

Know all men by these presents that we, the Class of 1947, of Cambridge Junior College, in the City of Cambridge, in the County of Middlesex, in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, being of sound mind and in full possession of our faculties, do hereby make, ordain, publish and declare this to be our last will and testament, hereby revoking any and all wills and codicils heretofore made by us.

I

We leave the Faculty our sincere appreciation and many thanks for their patient guidance, help, and consideration during the past two years of our association with them.

To Mrs. Geiringer: a few left-over umlauts and relative pronouns to pass out with gay abandon to first-year German classes.

To Mr. Kenseth: an office just like Mrs. O'Clair's for private conferences.

To Mr. Stoodley: an ancillary postulation of statistics so as to cope better with Mr. Rosenberg's undoubtedly excellent ideas.

To Dr. Richards: a pad of blueprints for a bigger and better lounge.

To Mrs. Teuber: a pogo stick with a side car for the slides, so that her natural bounce may be saved and converted into energy with which to run the slide machine.

To Mr. Wasserman: a permanent job as chaperon at all school functions.

The Freshman class we leave, hoping that *their* Freshman class will be as helpful to them as they have been to us.

II

Karl Seleen leaves his infectious roar still resounding through the halls.

Barbara Heavey leaves still trying to balance her budget.

Mary Jane Chrisulis leaves Doctor Richards hoping he can find as competent a secretary next year.

Claire "Sunshine" Gaum leaves a handy two-ton economy-size bottle of Vitamin D tablets — to brighten things up.

Judith Baker leaves in a rush for the 1:47.

Annette Peterson leaves Philosophy class still shaking her head.

Conchita Johnson leaves the couch in the Girls' Lounge in a well-worn condition.

Mitzi Wieder leaves on a trip to Ithaca.

Ann Simons leaves her motto: "Silence is golden" . . . but we're off the gold standard!

Edith leaves — still Small.

Ken Rosenberg leaves his three-fold success formula: Purity, Body and Flavor.

Frannie Kagan leaves her remarkable faculty for knowing people who know other people who know you.

Polly Fauci leaves to the music of "One Touch of Venus."

We leave Sally Rounds in a perpetual state of agony over the latest Bobby Hackett solo.

Paul Harriman leaves his place in the Copley Plaza.

Louise Bigelow leaves her common-sense ideas to a distinctly radical organization.

We leave Ruth Frumkin a car so we can bother her for rides.

We leave Harry Clench waiting at the dock.

Betty Buck and Jo Filetti, after paying due homage to the window seat in the Lounge, leave to find a park bench where they can take up residence.

Dot Pagliuso leaves her statuesque figure and the clothes to go with it.

Jean Spinazola leaves French 3.

III

Lois Bernson leaves recordings of her voice for future school functions.

Frank Levine leaves his campaign of passive resistance to future dissenters.

Ted Rand leaves to all future contenders his leading role in "Barefoot Boy With Chic."

The Van Buskirks leave their infallible school spirit to the more recalcitrant Freshmen.

Roz Glazer and Peg Corasanis leave the Math 2 class to Don Union as they have been doing all year.

Ruth Leavitt leaves a lifetime subscription of *Vogue* to the Library.

Peg Rothwell leaves her crown to future queens.

Jean McHugh leaves her white coat as a playground and rest home for wandering paramecia.

Thelma Zeitler leaves her place on the roll call to neighborhood students who can not seem to make the first bell.

Irene Freedman leaves her well-stocked closet of college catalogs to undecided sophomores.

We leave taking with us Tess Hennessy, who leaves with us the memory of her charm.

We name Cecil Rhodes, of Richmond Hill, Long Island, New York, as executor of this will and he shall not be required to give any bond of security in his capacity as such executor.

In witness whereof we, the Class of 1947, hereunto set our name and seal this Fourteenth day of June in the year of Our Lord Nineteen Hundred and Forty-Seven.

THE CLASS OF 1947

Signed, sealed, published and declared by the above-named Class of 1947 as and for their last will and testament in the presence of us three who, at their request, in their presence and in the presence of one another, hereunto set our hands as witnesses.

Edward L. Davis Jr.

Residence, 212 Highland Street, Worcester.

J. Lenore Jensen

Residence, 28 Colborne Road, Brighton.

Quint M. Kemel

Residence, Church Street, Ballard Vale.



artistry in prospect

1956

Real Reasons for Present High Prices

NOTED SOCIOLOGIST RETURNS

New York, Sept. 6 — Mr. Kenneth "Bring 'em Back" Rosenberg has just returned from the "Heart of Darkness", where he has been conducting extensive research on the social customs of the African natives. He brought back

FILETTI-CARNEGIE CASE TAKEN BY HARRIMAN

New York, Sept. 6 — Miss Jo Filetti filed suit in District Court today against Hattie Carnegie. Miss Filetti claimed that the obscure one of her dress exclusive models. Miss Filetti's lawyer will be the prominent Paul Harriman, one of the city's best

Unfavorable News Is Also Ignored

WOMEN REACH HIGH PLACE IN SCIENCE

New York, Sept. 6 — Louise Bigelow and Peggy Corasanis, two of our most prominent scientists, have startled the world with their graphic exposé, HOW TO SPLIT AN ATOM. The young geniuses

JAZZ LOVERS!!

SAVOY
MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE
BOSTON, MASS.

Tonight and Every Night
SALLY ROUNDS
And Her Famous Jazz Band
Choice Wines and Liquors

Common

Taken from
the book
13 and has

WANTED: Baby sitter for three small children, age six months. Well-behaved (psychologically raised).—Apply to Mrs. Barbara Heavey, Box 203.

adv.

LATE NEWS

NEW HAVEN, Sept. 6 — Miss Edith Small received her Ph.D. in German at Yale University. Her thesis was entitled *The Importance of German in the Study of Science*.

Ravishing Brunette Chosen Model of the Year By Van Buskirk Brothers

NEW YORK, Sept. 6 — Miss Dorothy Pagliuso was chosen as the year's most beautiful model by foremost artists Gilbert and Willard Van Buskirk. Miss Pagliuso's face and figure

New Citizens

BROOKLINE, Sept. 5 — A boy to the former Ruth Leavitt of Brookline. Mother and son doing well. Father and other three children are

Nylon Menaced!

Boston, Sept. 6 — Sweeping the country is a new material developed by Miss Rosalyn Glazer. The sensational fabric is made from coal, milk, and luminous dye. It is non-inflammable, run-proof, and stain proof. Wearers find

WHERE TO GO... LING NAN II

Modern Chinese-American Restaurant

GRAND OPENING
September 15, 1956

Proprietor
CLAIRE GAUM

All Foods Sampled by
RUTH FRUMKIN

adv.

Judith Baker Book Makes Top Ten

Boston, Sept. 6 — Slim and willowy Judith Baker's new book, **HOW TO REDUCE AND EAT AT THE SAME TIME**, is causing a mild sensation among cautious epicures. Miss

BEAUTY EXPERT LECTURES AT WOMEN'S CLUB

Boston, Sept. 6 — On Friday evening Miss Conchita Johnson presented her revolutionary theories on the subject "How To Be Beautiful With Only Four Hours Sleep Per Night." Her ideas

NEW BIOGRAPHY

Boston, Sept. 6 — Betty Buck, *Airline Hostess* is a new book by Thelma Zeitler. Written in the inimitable Zeitler style we all love, the book gives a true picture of the exciting life of this prominent airline hostess who

Station WCJC

Announces New Radio Serial Beginning Monday Sept. 20, 3 P.M.

The True Life Drama of
Marguerite Rothwell,
Girl Photographer

Brought to you by the
RABINOW-DAANA STUDIOS

TONIGHT AT POPS

The Annette Peterson
Series
presents

MISS LOIS BERNSON
Soloist

Program

Ave Maria
Je Passe

Schubert
Bernson

Request Numbers

Secretary of Navy Country's Fashion Leader

WASHINGTON, Sept. 6 — Miss Polly Fauci, first woman to be chosen Secretary of the Navy, appeared at a Cabinet dinner last evening wearing one of the season's most unique creations: a hat resembling a sailboat on starboard tack. The hat reminded us of

American Wins International Ski Championship

Geneva, Switzerland, Sept. 5 — Mr. Ted Rand, who was elected Outdoor Man of the Decade in 1950, has just won the Olympic Ski Championship held here this year. Mr. Rand, a strapping blond, says

Young Philosopher Discusses Wylie

NEW YORK, Sept. 6 — Sunday's *New York Times* Book Review Section carried an item by our local genius, Mr. Frank Levine, on Philip Wylie's book, *Generation of Vipers*. Mr. Levine's commentary displayed profound

POUGHKEEPSIE, Sept. 6 — Miss Irene Freedman was awarded at Vassar College a three-year fellowship to the Sorbonne. She will leave for Paris immediately. When she arrives she hopes to

Wedding Bells

PARIS, Sept. 5 — Jean Spinazola, prominent educationalist, was married here today. She is a student at the

ILA CHOOSES NEW OFFICERS

WASHINGTON, Sept. 6 — The International Linguists' Association at its annual meeting last night elected Harry Clench president of the French Dept., Mitzi Wieder head of the Spanish Dept., and Tess Hennessy chairman of the German Division. All three received their preliminary training at Cambridge Junior College, now one of the nation's most

NEW BOOK RIVALS CULBERTSON

CAMBRIDGE, Sept. 6 — Miss Frances Kagan, the country's foremost authority on contract bridge, has just published her treatise, **BRIDGE AND AN EGG SALAD SANDWICH**, which immediately outdid in popularity Mr. Culbertson's edition.

Are you a puny 90 lbs.?
Does alcohol affect you
strangely?
Are you losing your lady friends?

If so . . .
Come to

SELEEN'S SCIENTIFIC STRENGTH SOLARIUM

He will build you up!!
—adv.

McHugh Heads Science Departments

CAMBRIDGE, Sept. 6 — The President of M.I.T. announced today the appointment of a woman as head of the zoölogy and bacteriology departments. The appointee, Miss Jean McHugh has long been recognized as

STUDENT ROOMS FOR LET—

Large 4-window rooms — triple bed (extra guests welcomed) — kitchenette and private bath with each room — use of washing machine for laundry — indirect lighting — executive type desks with attached book-case — hot and cold running water and boiling coffee at all hours — steam heat through the night — \$5.00 per week — Call Kir. 1111 1 to 6 A.M. — Ask for Mary Jane Chrisulis, proprietor.

—adv.

Prominent Novelist Returns From Tour of World

Boston, Sept. 6 — Miss Ann Simons, author of *The Great American Novel*, returned yesterday from her trip around the world. Her blue helicopter landed at Logan Airport and was greeted by her husband and five children. She looked ravishing in

artistry in retrospect

"REMEMBER WHEN . . ."

We couldn't tell Gil from Will (*we still can't*)
 Sally Ann went to Philadelphia
 Paul was single
 Barbara wasn't
 Bill Butchard didn't recognize Hank
 The men were glad that "Hennessy was Here"
 Helen Minsk got sent to the Head
 Windi left school
 Jean S. wrote her memoirs
 Bill Doak roared like a lion
 Mr. Lowet taught French 3
 Frank L. received an anonymous Valentine
 (*He still doesn't know who sent it*)
 Frannie had three jobs
 Polly started speaking Spanish
 Lenore's folks went to Florida
 Bob Albert read his THEME
 Pumpkin had her picture taken three times
 At Peg's party Jacques chased Midge
 Peggy C. couldn't produce a sample
 Frank gave us a picture for the year book
 Dottie led the rhumba line
 Marge Mears wrote poetry
 Harry blew up the laboratory (*almost*)
 Judy and Ann made "pizza"
 Ted Rand threw Peg over his shoulder

Bill asked Ann to the formal
 Ken lectured on "From Nothing Into Something"
 Jean McHugh went to Connecticut
 Sunshine curled her hair
 D. R. and Mrs. O. worked for Mary Jane
 Peggy was queen of the ball
 Mr. Lessen's bike broke down
 Roz had a tutor
 There were no men
 Dr. Crowner gave his annual lecture on sex
 Ben skated on his rear and had to dry himself
 in front of Mr. Wasserman's fire
 Lois sang "Ave Maria"
 Mr. Lessen and D. R. gave those spicy lectures
 We could study on the lounge table
 Phil O'Dell didn't have his camera
 Peg threw the ash tray and Ken was blamed
 Ruth wore her gardenias
 Pumpkin read the newspaper in History
 Frannie fixed Conchita up with George
 Karl resigned
 Mrs. Sardñias had a full class in Spanish 3
 Ken pushed his fist through the wall
 Lois' Lenny came home
 Doctor Richards couldn't find the sand
 We had parties!!!!

string section



BRUCE CAY
President



ESTELLE BERMAN
Vice-President



PHYLLIS KOREJWA
Secretary



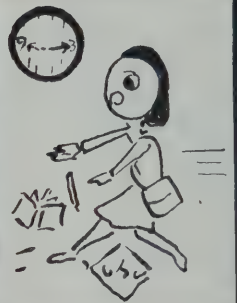
RICHARD JOHNSON
Treasurer



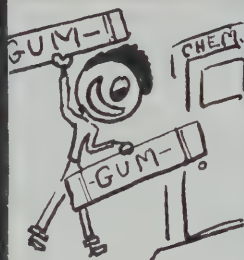
"bill"



"rainey"



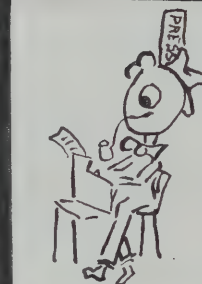
"ben"



"shep"



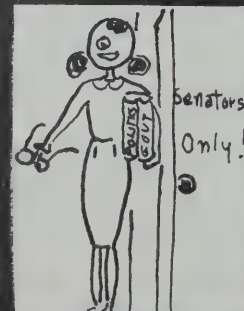
"hal"



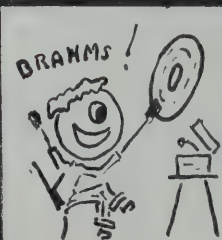
"paul"



"taffy"



"bill"



Handwritten note:
The teacher
let me have
the camera
for the
yearbook



"bruce"



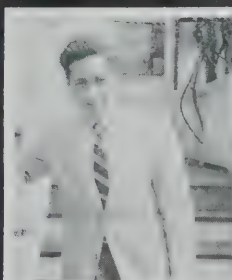
Hey Ed,
I always remember
the hayride you
helped me keep
always the best,
Love
3



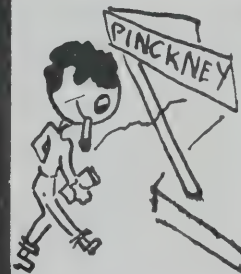
"del"



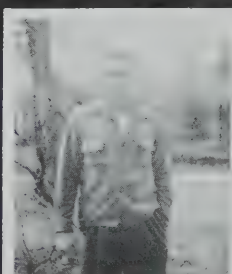
"bill"



"johnny"



"Frank"



"doc"



alice



Will
be
happy
to
hear
from
you
any
time



"terry"

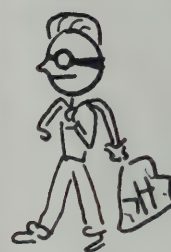




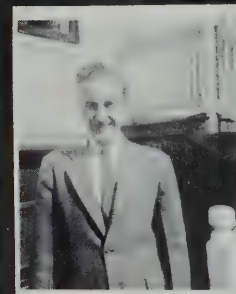
"ed"



"ken"



"bill"



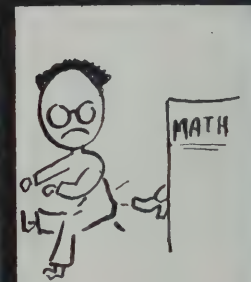
"hank"



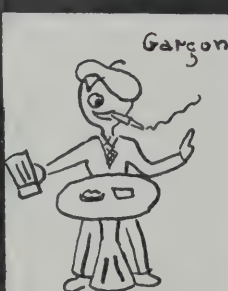
"teddy"



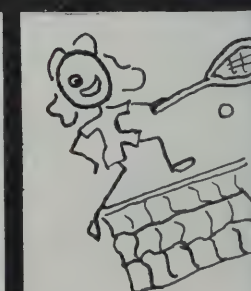
"ben"



"jacques"



"deedee"





joyce



'dick'



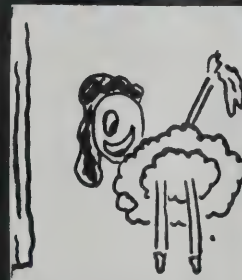
"mimi"



'russ'



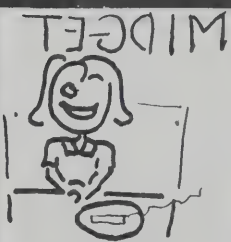
martha



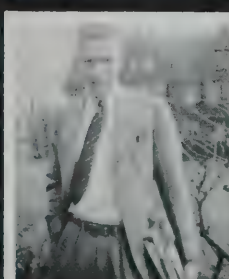
*Be the lucky guy with the
sweet gal.
Take care
of her, Ed.
Gooden
luck.
Mathews
"Beet".*



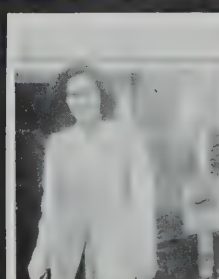
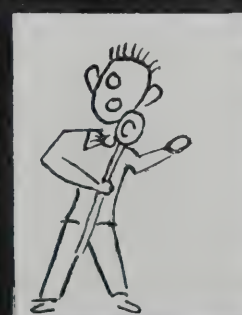
'nat'



Mm-lush



'phil'



'gracie'





"walt"



*just passed out
of my mind.*



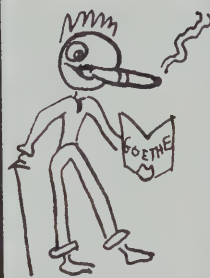
"dick"



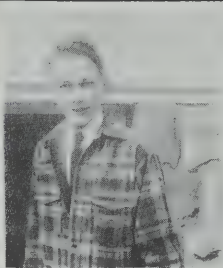
*still sing songs for
class and? Dick*



"dick"



judy



jo



"philly"

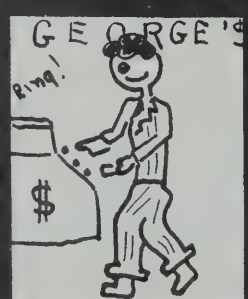


*I like you very
much.*

Philly



"nick"



"mimi"





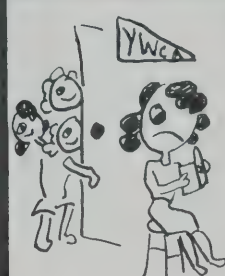
"eddie"



Oh, bud



"rita"



"bud"



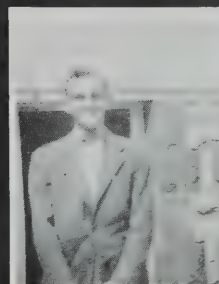
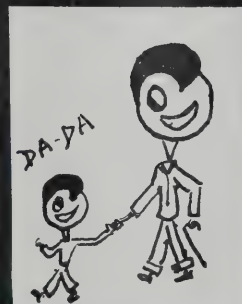
*Oh, bud
watch
out.
Tony*



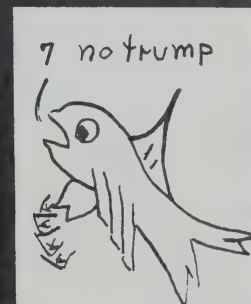
"tony"



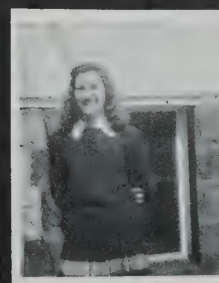
"al"



"morty"



"betty"



"judy"





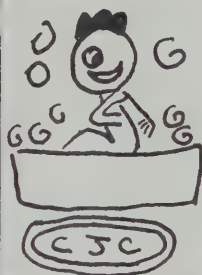
"murph"



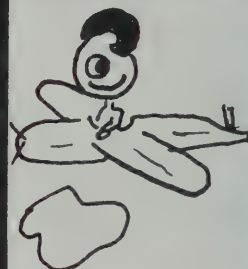
"phil"



"ronnie"



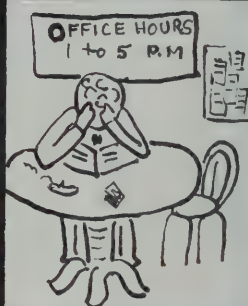
"charlie"



jean



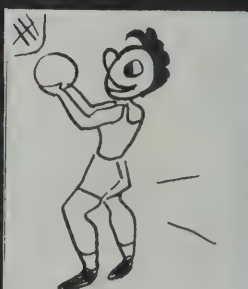
"jack"



"bill"



"freddy"





"joe"



Best of luck.

Joe.



"nat"



"midge"



Good, grade, bridge, no, nat
in the vicinity, etc.
Take the way you put 'em

Love, Midge



jean



"rule"



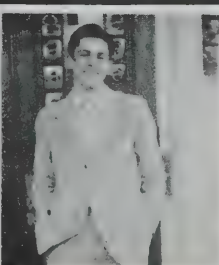
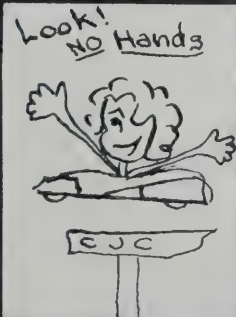
Heaven help
her live.
good luck
anyway.
Love,
S.M.



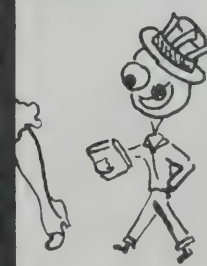
ida mae



"lenny"



"schlemm"



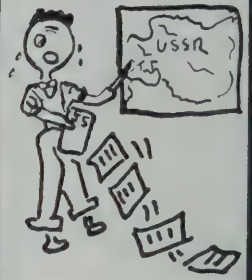
All the luck
in the World
to a bean
whose only
redeeming
qualities
are:
① his girl
friend
② his
liking for steamed
clams.
Bill



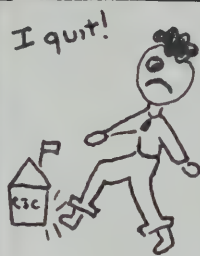
gloria



don



art



jack



ernie



markie



jo



ruthie





"dottie"



"wolly"



L.S. + J.F.



WVB



WVB



POPULARITY

PHYLLIS KOREJWA

BRUCE CAY

"Personality gains popularity; leadership and humor prolong it."

VERSATILITY

JUDY KOLB

DICK KENNEDY

"Equal to all things."

CUTENESS

NAT HUMPHRYS

"She is pretty to walk with, and witty to talk with, and pleasant, too, to think on."

HANDSOMENESS

BILL BUTCHARD

"Really a handsome and charming man."

PERSONALITY

MIMI KOSKI

TONY MARCINKOWSKI

"A pleasing personality is a landmark on the difficult road to success."

BEAUTY

ESTELLE BERMAN

"So fair, she takes the breath of men away."

MAN - ABOUT - TOWN

HAL ARNOLDY

"Worldly in this world, I take and like its way of life."

SOPHISTICATION

ESTELLE BERMAN

"She is wise in the ways of the world."

STYLE

TERRY DAVIES

BILL DOAK

"Each ornament about them seemly lies

By curious chance, or careless art composed."

SINCERITY

PHYLLIS KOREJWA

BRUCE CAY

"That which cometh from the heart will go to the heart."

ATHLETIC

RUTH WILSON

ED DAVIS

"In all sports they lead the field."

WIT

MIDGE RYERSON

HAL ARNOLDY

"A sense of humor is an admirable quality, and more valuable than gold."

MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED

ESTELLE BERMAN

PHIL O'DELL

"The winds and waves are always on the side of the ablest navigators."

VITALITY

JUDY KOLB

IRWIN MIRSKY

"Energy is eternal delight."

ORIGINALITY

JUDY MILLER

HAL ARNOLDY

"All good things which result are the fruits of originality."

DONE MOST FOR C. J. C.

JUDY MILLER

BRUCE CAY

"Their works so follow them."

ABSENT-MINDEDNESS

PHYLLIS KOREJWA

ALAN LEVETT

"Better by far that you should forget and smile, than that you should remember and be sad."

BRAVADO

JOAN SPEAR

CLIFF CROOK

"This is as well said as if I had said it myself."

POLITENESS

MARTHA ANN GOOGINS

TONY MARCINKOWSKI

"Nothing is more valuable than courtesy."

SHYNESS

ADAH FORST

JOE RUGGERI

"Shyness is always becoming."

AMBITIOUS

ESTELLE BERMAN

IRWIN MIRSKY

"I have immortal longings in me."

WOLF

HAL ARNOLDY

"He is a lion with the ladies."

FLIRT

GLORIA SMITH

"Women know not the whole of their coquetry."

KIBITZER

JOAN SPEAR

CLIFF CROOK

"It would talk — Lord, how it talked!"

STUDIOUSNESS

MURIEL GOLDBERG

PHIL O'DELL

"Beholding the bright countenance of truth in the quiet and still air of delightful studies."

CLASS OF 1947

SOPHOMORE

BAKER, JUDITH
BARKIN, GEORGE
BERNSON, LOIS
BIGELOW, LOUISE
BUCK, BETTY
CHRISULIS, MARY JANE
CLENCH, HARRY
CORASANIS, PEGGY
FAUCI, POLLY
FILETTI, JOSEPHINE
FREEDMAN, IRENE
FRUMKIN, RUTH
GLAZER, ROSALYN
GUAM, CLAIRE
HARRIMAN, PAUL
HEAVEY, BARBARA
HENNESSY, TESS
JOHNSON, CONCHITA
KAGAN, FRANCES
LEAVITT, RUTH
LEVINE, FRANK
McHUGH, JEAN
PAGLIUSO, DOTTY
PETERSON, ANNETTE
RAND, TED
ROSENBERG, KEN
ROTHWELL, PEGGY
ROUNDS, SALLY
SELEEN, KARL
SIMONS, ANN
SMALL, EDITH
SPINAZOLA, JEAN
VAN BUSKIRK, GILBERT
VAN BUSKIRK, WILLARD
WIEDER, MITZI
ZEITLER, THELMA

FRESHMAN

ABEENE, BILL
ALBERT, BEN
ARNOLDY, HAROLD
BERMAN, ESTELLE
BERNER, LORRAINE
BOLAND, SHEP
BRENNER, PAUL
BUTCHARD, BILL
CAY, BRUCE
COLBY, BILL
COLE, FRANK
COLVIN, ALICE
COOK, DELLA
COURNOYER, JOHN
CROOK, CLIFFORD
DAVIES, TRASE
DAVIS, EDWARD
DOAK, BILL
DUNNE, THELMA
FAUTEUX, JACQUES
FELT, KENNETH
FIELD, HENRY
FISHSTEIN, BEN
FORST, ADAH
GLOBE, JOYCE
GOLDBERG, MURIEL
GOOGINS, MARTHA ANN
GUIDREY, PHILL
HALEY, DICK
HOCKRIDGE, RUSSELL
HUMPHRYS, NATHALIE
HYDER, GRACE
JAMPSA, WALTER
JOHNSON, DICK
JOY, GRAHAM
KAPÉLOS, NICK
KENNEDY, DICK

KOLB, JUDITH
KOREJWA, PHYLLIS
KOSKI, MIMI
LA FORGE, EDWARD
LAXTON, IRA
LEVETT, ALAN
LUCE, NEDRA
LUCIER, RITA
MARCINKOWSKI, TONY
MILESKY, MORTON
MILLER, JUDITH
MIRSKY, IRWIN
MOORE, RONALD
MORTON, JEAN
MULHERON, BILL
O'DELL, PHILLIP
RESTUCCIA, CARMELO
RICE, JOHN
ROLLINSON, FRED
RUGGERI, JOSEPH
RYERSON, MARJORIE
SCHUMANN, RULEF
SESSER, LENORE
SHEDD, NATALIE
SHEILS, JEAN
SILVERMAN, IDA MAE
SLEMMER, BILL
SMITH, GLORIA
SODDECK, ARTHUR
SOLIT, ERNIE
SPEAR, DOROTHY
UNION, DONALD
WALTER, JACKSON
WILSON, MARGARET
WILSON, RUTH
WOLFE, DOROTHY
WOLSKI, CHARLES



finale

-hail c.j.c.

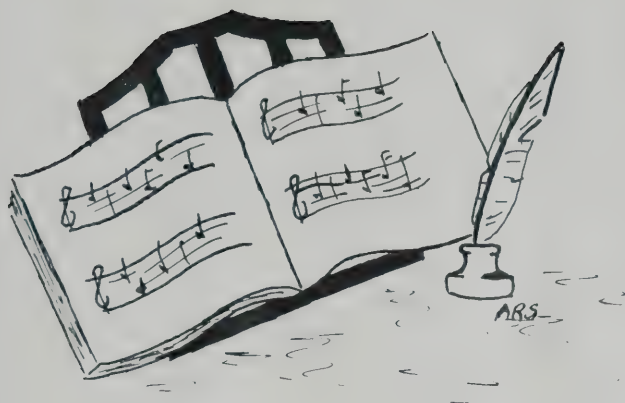
words by a.m. kenseth

Here's a health! Here's air that's free!
Shake the song down from the skies of June;
Let our voices shout the merry magic tune,
As we hail C. J. C.

Here's a health! Here's high degree!
Here's to learning's ancient mysteries;
By tall ships that sail the seven hidden seas,
We now pledge loyalty,
Forever and unafraid,
Pledge loyalty.
Forever till starlight fade, it's C. J. C.

Here's a health! Here's air that's free!
Shake the song down from the skies of June;
Let our voices shout the merry magic tune,
As we hail C. J. C.

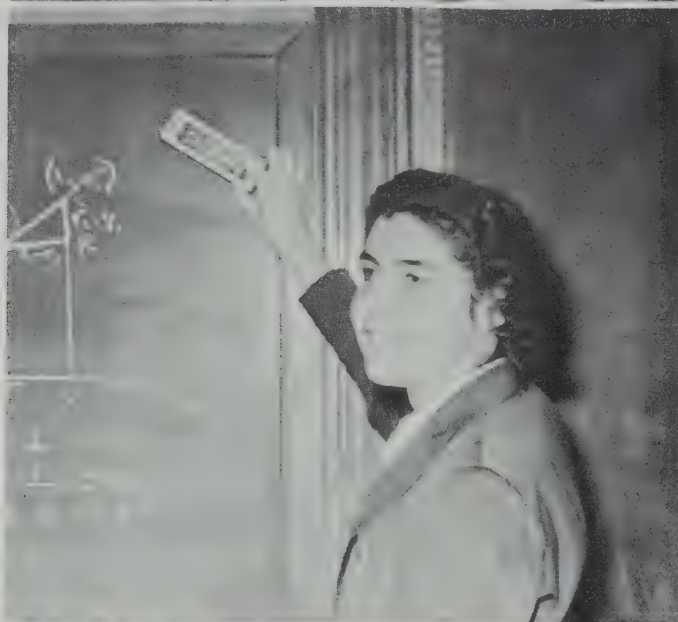
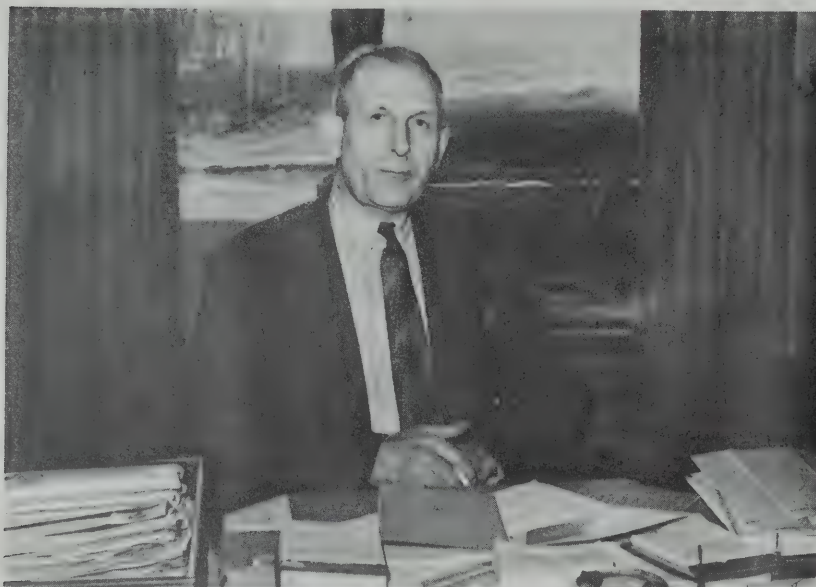


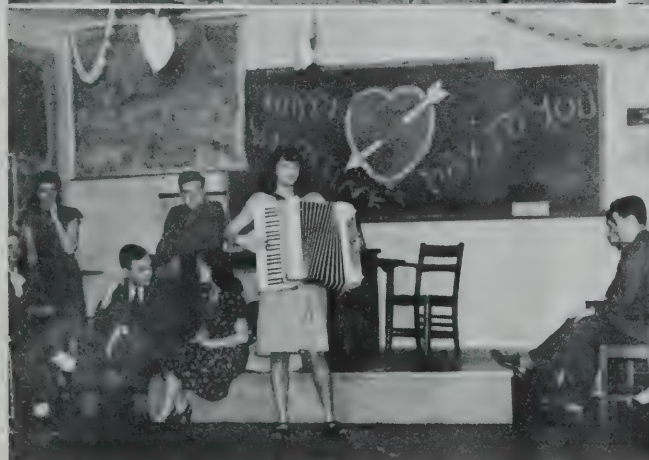


variations

on a

theme









débuts

SONNETS ON UNREQUITED LOVE

I

Oh, would that thou had died while in the womb,
And never seen the brightness of day's kiss.
Then, too, I'd live in darkness, and ne'er miss —
A light I'd never seen. But 'tis my doom,
Since thou art real, to worship from my tomb.
How can I say thy birth to earth brought bliss,
Enough to justify one heart amiss,
When 'tis my heart that lies so deep in gloom?
Thou meant no harm, thou art too innocent.
Thou thought thou found in me, a lover strong.
'Twas not thy fault thou thought me heaven-sent,
'Tis only human folly to be wrong.
So now thy life's on other pleasures bent,
While I to thee eternally belong.

II

But consolation burns within my breast.
It sparkles into flame with each recall
Of other days, when I alone would maul
Thy virgin form. 'Twas I who pressed
Those kisses to thy lips; we put to test
The universe itself. I try to call
These moments to your mind; romps, laughter, all;
By glance, act, word, yet all seem vain at best.
But strange conviction soothes me — lets me sleep.
I seem to know — fear not to know — thou'rt mine.
The present's all a nightmare from the deep;
A mere transcendency in space — a line
From here to nowhere. So, dear friend, I'll keep
A wait forever, patient, for a sign.

GEORGE JEAN BARKIN

A PARADOX |

There's something very soothing and pleasant about the tangy bitterness of a well-made Old Fashioned. Too, the flavor is undoubtedly enhanced two- or three-fold when, after a particularly irritating session with one's nose and the proverbial grindstone, one may imbibe in the semi-sanctity of early evening in a smart, upper East Side cocktail lounge.

Immersed alike in the plump cushions and ruminations on the potential pleasantries of the evening ahead, I tenderly stirred the amber fluid; and with little effort conceived kodachromes of my dainty, blonde, hour-to-be companion. The meticulously cut orange slices finished their whirling dance in the stubby glass, and I reached out expectantly to raise the stimulating distillate, only to have it tumble just beyond the tips of my fingers, spreading an ugly brown stain on the pure white cloth. Irritated far out of proportion to the circumstances, I looked up to examine the clumsy fool who had bumped against my table at such an inopportune moment. Before I was able to comment on his awkwardness he poured a stream of conciliatory and apologetic remarks upon me. With overdramatic sincerity he insisted on replacing the lost drink and favoring me with the doubtful pleasure of his company. Without a pause for breath he settled himself with no little difficulty on the seat opposite me and ordered, if I am any judge, an unneeded double Scotch and water.

His loquaciousness bore resemblance only to the soap "pitchman" on West 50th Street — the words sliding from the corner of his mouth with false intensity, and the contours of his lips twisted and distorted. However, he finally paused for breath and his face relaxed into its naturally fine lines. I imagine I would have left him after finishing my drink if I hadn't noticed the contrast between his now perfectly shaped lips and the sarcastic leer they had assumed when he spoke. But they drew my attention to his boyishly round face. The button-like Gaelic nose, clean broad forehead, close-cropped dark hair, well-shaped ears, close against the side of his head, and clean-shaven cheeks made up a strong, handsome face in repose. But the moment he spoke his pale blue eyes slitted and glinted like open blades on a sharp pocket knife, his lips curled in derision, and his face twisted sardonically.

He was completely well dressed: a light grey sharkskin suit, a canary yellow foulard with handkerchief to match, smart gold cuff-links, an expensive wrist watch, and a Tiffany-size diamond ring. The ensemble was saved from ostentatiousness only by the wearer's tasteful selection and careful combination.

Prior to this sudden attentiveness I had punctuated his monologue with brusque nods of my head and meaningful glances at my watch. I fear that, combined with this, my rather obvious appraisal implied an even less subtle animosity, for he hesitated a moment, then in an oddly guarded tone asked:

"Are you waiting for someone?"

A bit flustered with my own show of poor manners I reassured him that I had "almost an hour to kill before I'm supposed to meet her." The uncomfortable silence that followed was conveniently eased by the arrival of the waiter with a new tablecloth and our drinks. He downed the inch and a half of golden liquid with a practised flick of his wrist and sat motionless, staring down at his hands. His eyes narrowed slowly, lips drew back slightly, and he muttered from between tightly clenched teeth:

"I was sitting right there, waiting, just three weeks ago."

I was not sure I had heard him right. The flat, terse monotone was in such contrast to his original effusive mode of expression that I looked at him in open wonder. He shifted awkwardly in his chair, as if he had unwittingly revealed an emotional weakness. But the now familiar leering smile was quickly restored and with a single burst of laughter, he resumed his mocking monologue:

"Yes . . . I was sitting right there, where you are now, waiting for the cutest little doll a guy ever lost any sleep over. 'Sweet and nice like a baby girl all grown up,' I used to tell the guys . . . real magazine love-story stuff . . . blonde, blue eyes, five-foot-three, dimpled cheeks, and streamlined? . . . Man, she had everything! Smart as a whip, too . . . smooth dresser, knew her way around, good family! . . . The best, I used to tell the other 'doggies'. . . One squint at her picture stopped most of their smart remarks about my not getting any mail from her. But she was more than all that. You couldn't tell the other guys she liked to paint, listen to classical music . . . used to drag me up to Carnegie Hall to listen every Sunday afternoon. . . . Not bad stuff, that music, when you get used to it. . . . Good plays, Shakespeare, Ibsen, Shaw. . . . She taught me about 'the better things in life,' as she called them. . . . Didn't like sports, though. . . . Couldn't get her to go to the 'Garden' for a hockey game or a track meet. . . . Wouldn't even come out and watch me play ball. . . . No! . . . Those weren't the better things in life! . . . Funny . . . a guy losing his girl because she didn't like baseball."

His forced smile resolved into a bitter grin. He hunched his powerful shoulders forward and continued in a subdued monotone:

"That's about the size of it, though - I liked baseball and she didn't. She couldn't understand the game, nor did she see the need for concentrating either my physical ability or her mature intellect on such a childish pastime. It started when I met her in college, four years ago."

The taut muscles in his face relaxed a little and he suddenly looked boyish again.

"She didn't like the idea of my playing from the very beginning . . . took most of my time after classes, and training kept me from showing her around too much on the weekends . . . but I was real 'Joe College,' and she went for the big name it gave me around the campus. We had a few arguments about my wanting to play professionally after graduation and taking the game too seriously. But I hadn't had any offers from the Big Leagues, so I told her I wasn't good enough . . . that I was only dreaming. Then in my last year, Joe McCarthy himself watched me pitch a one-hitter . . . came down to speak to me after the game. . . . I told him I was up for induction after graduation . . . but he signed me up that afternoon to report to the Yanks as soon as my hitch was up. I got over to the sorority house as soon as I'd changed, yelled for her to come outside, and proposed to her then and there. . . . She sure was surprised."

He was quiet for a moment, and the muscles in his jaw slowly tightened. The boyish look disappeared. He signalled the waiter and, after ordering another round, lit a cigarette. I watched his large strong hands as he offered the initialed case to me. It wasn't hard to picture those long, powerful fingers confidently gripping a baseball. He broke the silence with a sharp chortle and began slipping the words out of the side of his mouth:

"Damn funny when you look back on it. . . . 'Then you've decided to work for your father after the war?' she said to me. . . . I guess that must be an all-time high in ridiculous answers to a guy's proposal . . . but it sort of hit me between the eyes then. I gave her the glad news about being on my own after the war, not having to depend on my old man's string of factories, told her that this was my chance to make a good living doing the thing I liked best, an opportunity most people never get in all their lives. . . . that if I had her too to come back to, I'd really have something worth fighting for . . . and all the rest of the guff that goes with the routine of a sucker begging his doll to marry him."

While the immaculate waiter set the drinks before us and solicitously emptied the ash tray, my bitter young friend ordered a third double Scotch. I declined his suggestion that I have another and watched as without the slightest change of expression he tossed off the whiskey. In returning the glass to the table he brushed his cigarette case to the lush carpeting. He reached down, almost lost his balance, groped around on the floor for a moment, and finally managed to retrieve it. Slightly flushed, he searched my face with a tense, almost desperate look. He seemed to be satisfied that I had found nothing extraordinary in the incident, for he drew a cigarette from the case and lit it quite casually. Loudly extruding the smoke from his mouth, he started to speak again:

"Well, she really chewed me out . . . the old stuff about a grown man playing a kid's game and lots of new dialogue on expecting a girl to knock around the country in one-horse towns waiting for a guy to make good. . . . Said I was stubborn and inconsiderate, that if I really loved her I'd give up my foolish ideas. I told her that that worked both ways, and . . . well . . . we went on for about an hour like that until we were all washed up. . . ."

I watched apprehensively as the third drink was placed before him, scrutinizing his face for an assuring sign of sobriety. His head was nodding slightly and his eyes were almost closed. He was looking straight at me, but his eyes were focused, if at all, at a point some six feet behind me. He seemed to be visualizing something, or someone else, and my presence was definitely lost to him. His eyes X-rayed the front of my shirt for almost a minute; then he said, very distinctly:

"She floated through that door like a pink and gold dream!"

I was a bit startled, enough to glance quickly at the entrance in an absurd attempt to witness this apparition. No vision was apparent, but the sight of blonde curls in the doorway turned my thoughts to the time. I pushed my sleeve back from my wrist and found that I had yet another ten minutes. My actions must have interrupted his reverie, for he reached out automatically for his drink. He consumed the third double Scotch with a characteristically efficient flourish, but he had to swallow hard and cough rather obviously before he could continue:

"Didn't see her again till that night I met her here. . . . Uncle Samuel and I parted company after a rough session, and when they'd finished me off like new . . . I called her. . . . Never got a letter from her all the time I was over there, but she was willing to welcome the old prodigal son. . . . Don't know why the Hell I called her. . . . Guess I wanted to get even for all the chicken she'd pulled. . . . I did. . . ."

He chuckled thickly — the sound dying in a rasping cough. Recovering, he squeezed his mouth into a crooked half-grin, shifted his right leg with an ungainly motion — then raised his eyes to stare at me fixedly. They were swollen and slightly glazed, but a bitter, cynical animation was still present. He managed a harsh laugh and leaned toward me:

"Here's where it gets funny, Mac. . . . She sits down, we run through a little small talk, light cigarettes . . . and all of a sudden she comes out with it: 'I suppose you still want to play baseball?' . . . sort of sarcastically. . . . I was just waiting for that. . . . Hell! . . . Do I still want to play ball. . . . Now that's really funny, and I laughed . . . right in her face . . . thought I'd never stop. She wanted to know what the devil the joke was . . . well, I told her all right . . ."

Retched from the bottom of his chest, his attempt at mirth produced only a grating sound that drew glances from the near-by tables. I flushed, looked hopefully towards the door, and found that the expected set of blonde curls had finally arrived. He swayed slightly, grinned, and his eyes blinked as he watched me get up from the table. I took a step toward him, then stopped as my heel ground on the toe of his outstretched foot. The leather was unyielding and wooden! I had begun to apologize, but my jaw sagged and the words choked in my throat. He lifted his head slowly, looked up at me, and then down towards his leg. His fine boyish mouth opened sluggishly, and throwing back his head he emitted a roaring, raucous laugh that filled the room and left him half-sobbing, his head between his hands.

THIRTY SECONDS WITH YOUR
STUDENT COUNCIL

The door to the conference room is slammed as the "Brain" arrives late; she flops in a squeaky chair trying not to be quiet; — the 'session' has begun.

"— and so a decision has to be made . . .," the 'Wheel' is rambling on.

"What a night I had."

"Yeah?" leers the 'Pipe', "What did you do?"

"What didn't we do," the 'Brain' whispers back hoarsely. "You should have been there."

"Hmm," replies the 'Boy' with bulging eyes, "I guess everyone should have been there."

"Reahly," squawks 'Elite,' "let's get this ovah with. I must get to my French. *N'est-ce pas?*"

"Hey!" interrupts the 'Ski.' "What say about a weenie roast up at Cedar Hill?"

"That sounds interesting," the 'Mrs.' says.

"You're MARRIED!" everyone shouts.

"Well-l-l-l?" she replies coyly.

". . . now about this matter before us . . .," continues the 'Wheel.'

"Oh, for gosh sakes! Let's talk about something at least interesting," says 'Elite,' straightening her skirt.

"Did you hear about Gracie?" someone asks.

"No, we didn't — but what about Racy Gracie?" questions the 'Pipe.'

"She'd have fun at a weenie roast," quips the 'Ski.'

"Am I ever tired! Let's call this whole thing off. There's nothing important right now anyhow," insists the 'Brain.'

"Agreed?" asks the 'Wheel' with a whisky breath.

Everyone nods acceptance and rushes for the door, leaving the 'Boy' to rid the room of smoke and all other evidence.

ANONYMOUS

Karl L. L.

THOUGHTS ON A MISSION

I am sitting in the nose of a bomber pushing through the clouds more than a mile above the earth. The clouds are rolling in to meet us, engulfing us for moments in a field of white, then racing by to join the others. Up here in the clear sunlight, with the towering clouds and the wind complaining around my ears, even the roar of the engines seems lost in a reverent hush. I can think clearly now, something I have been unable to do for a long time. Thought comes easy up here. For the hundredth time, prodded by fear, I have made my peace with God. Not in any long plea for aid (for elaborate words and phrases are for people with plenty of time, and I am hard-pressed), but with a few words of humility. With these words I have absolved myself from all responsibility and have cleared my mind for the business ahead. My bulwark has been built, and I can wait for whatever is coming — wait and hope.

After a while though, time drags. Then fear climbs into the turret and sits beside me. My knees shake within their limited space, my throat gets dry, my stomach tries to climb into my chest. My ears ring, and I thank God no one can see me. I repeat, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall fear no evil," with my eyes on the sky until the words lose their meaning, and my eyes strain until they ache, looking for something that I know they will not be able to see.

My folding cot, that dirty square of Army-issued canvas, sand-gritted and filthy, seems the most inviting haven in the world. I think of how sweet it would be to lie down and close my eyes, to forget everything, to feel the heat close in on me like a protective veil. I never realized what a luxury it is to die in bed.

I can hear the voices of my crew members crisp and clear on the interphone. Their voices are louder than usual, their jokes few and forced. I wonder if they are thinking of home and the people they left behind, or thinking hard of something funny to say. It is strange how anxious men are to hear someone else's voice when fear takes hold; even religion is pushed into the background, and companionship is eagerly sought. Religion and friendship must be very close.

We are climbing now; the air is getting very cold — time to put on my oxygen mask and breathe that good, but strangely metallic-tasting air. Up here it sustains life, and life is what I want to hold onto for the bright days that must be coming.

I am still shaking. God! A guy could shake himself to pieces up here.

HAROLD ARNOLDY

RINGS OR SPLASHES

I am not a Republican, but I do believe in the old-fashioned bathtub. America has revised its way of living greatly in the last few years, and part of this revision has been aimed at the bathtub. This sturdy pillar of family life seems to be suffering under the persistent attacks of fast, modern living.

To me the bathtub is a pleasure as well as a necessity. I enjoy soaking in the warm water and washing myself as I please. Why rush such an important event? I feel pleasant and do a great deal of reflective thinking in the tub. I believe, in fact, that if the meetings of the foreign ministers were to be held with each delegate seated in a tub of warm water much more would be accomplished. The ministers would be agreeable and pleasant with each other, instead of at one another's throats.

On the other hand, the shower fits in with the modern conception of speeding up everything. Rush into a shower, take a beating from a needle-like spray of water, rush out again, feeling as if you had to play a vigorous game of tennis or run the four-forty. The main objection to the tub is the ring of dirt left around the rim. The objectors are usually the people who are too lazy to clean their own rings and then leave them for the next unfortunate bather. I look on the ring as an accomplishment, however. It is positive evidence that I have washed the dirt away. Can the shower fan present such evidence? On the contrary, I have a sneaking suspicion that many shower-lovers do not get completely clean and feel guilty whenever Lifebuoy is mentioned.

I must admit that the shower does have its advantages. There is no gradual cooling of the water or game of hide-and-seek with the soap, but for me the tub is here to stay, and I shall go on soaking and thinking. . . .

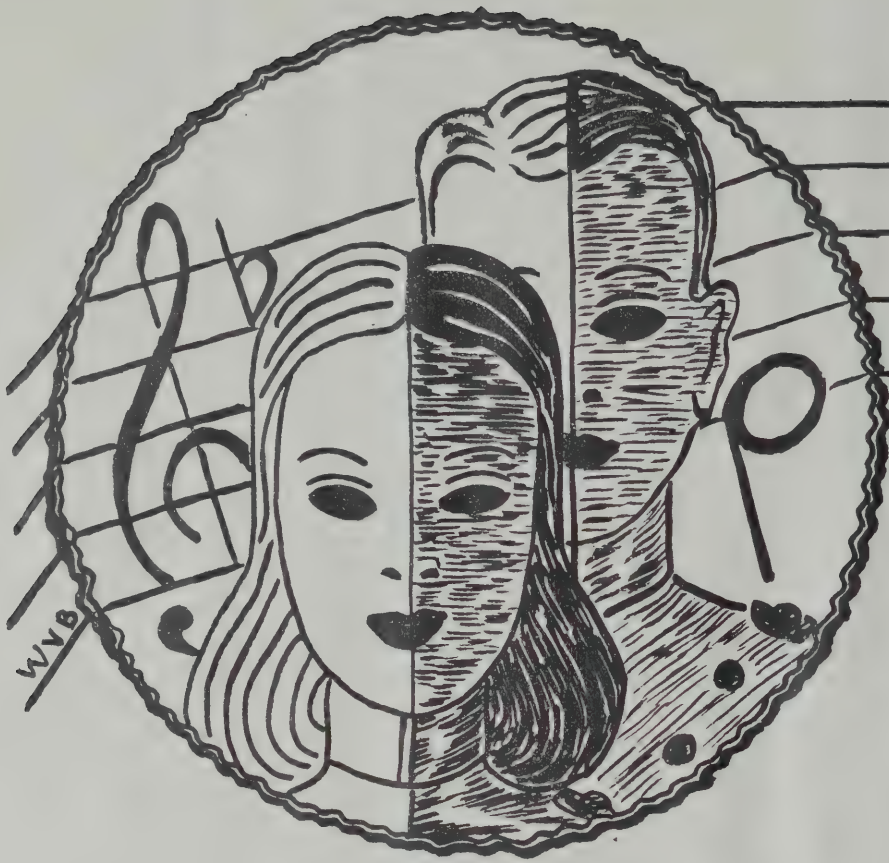
RONALD MOORE

MEN OF C. J. C. *or* WHO DONE IT!

La Forge said it
Guidrey denied it
Davis did it
Milesky put his bid in for it
Butchard wanted to do it
Mulheron helped to do it
Doak thought he could do it
Marcinkowski knew he couldn't
Laxton tried to do it
Ruggeri failed with him
Barkin forgot to do it
Rosenberg remembered but didn't do it
Brenner decided to wait to do it
Slemmer loved to do it
Jampsa was afraid to do it
Joy wasn't allowed to do it
Mirsky's mother did it for him
Levine didn't have to do it
Levett had already done it
Kennedy, why even he did it
Union made a suit to do it
Rollinson, Cook and Schumann did it together
Felt hibernated to do it
Van Buskirks went halvesies on it
Clench chased butterflies instead of doing it
Harriman did it to music
Field walked across the street to do it
Rand went to the mountains to do it
Fishstein drove to do it
Boland cried for it
Soddeck got excited when he did it
Fauteux came from Canada to do it
Solit hitch-hiked to Lynn to do it
Rice did it on the train
Arnoldy swore he could do it
Johnson petitioned to do it
Cay collected for it
Seleen beat them all to it

To What?
What did they all do?
S T U D Y !!!

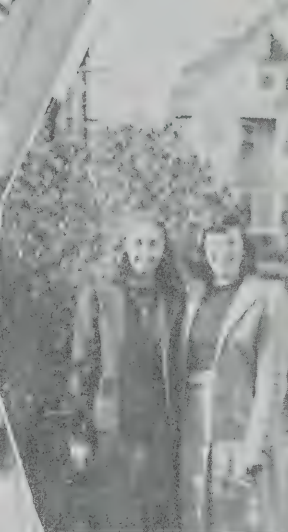
T. H. and E. D.



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